



INNIS COLLEGE  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

# Innis Herald

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December 1982

By Lisa Dunn and Kai Millyard

This past summer, two Canadians, three Americans, 35,000 pieces of literature, 15,000 "Stop Acid Rain" buttons, hundreds of T-shirts, a number of slide shows, projectors, and a pH meter were crammed into a bus which left from Toronto on a six-week tour of Ontario, Quebec and the northeastern United States. We called ourselves the Acid Rain Caravan, and for six weeks our converted white school bus carried us 4,000 miles through cities and towns, as we tried to persuade citizens of both countries to urge their governments to stop acid rain.

## Fighting Acid Rain Across the Border

The Acid Rain Caravan was the brainchild of US consumer activist, Ralph Nader. During a speaking tour of Ontario last February, Nader argued that an immediate grassroots movement was needed to make governments stop what he called "unpremeditated chemical warfare". Because the American public is much less informed about acid rain than are Canadians, Nader thought the caravan should concentrate on education and mobilization in the United States.

The caravan was planned and sponsored by the Public Interest Research Groups of New York State and Ontario. (These groups were founded by Nader and operate across North America.) Support for the caravan was also received from the Canadian Coalition on Acid Rain, the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, the Pollution Probe Foundation, Quebec's Societe pour Vaincre la Pollution, and the US National Clean Air Coalition.

Because we wanted to take the caravan to those places that are most sensitive to, and have suffered most from, acid rain, we spent one week in Ontario and Quebec, three weeks in New York State, and two weeks in Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire. The chemistry of the soils and bedrock make the region extremely sensitive to sulphur dioxide ( $SO_2$ ) emissions (the largest component of acid rain). While some  $SO_2$  is emitted in the region we visited, most of it comes from the American midwest. The state of Ohio for example, produces twice as much  $SO_2$  as New England, New York and New Jersey put together.

We scheduled our visits to coincide with county fairs, craft shows and other local events. We also concentrated on places where local individuals or groups had agreed to arrange the day's events. On arriving in a new town each day, we set up our information table and displays in a busy place, such as shopping mall or local tourist attraction, and if possible we used our bus as an eye-catching backdrop. Our literature was free, buttons usually brought donations and "Stop Acid Rain" T-shirts were sold for six dollars each. The caravan staff, comprising Bob Belfort of Buffalo, Mark Jackson and Harriet Kaplan of New York City and Kai Millyard and Lisa Dunn of Toronto, wore the bright yellow and red "Stop Acid Rain" T-shirts as uniforms.

As well as handing out literature and talking to people, we provided writing paper and envelopes for people to write on-the-spot letters to their congressmen. The information we provided always stressed that the acid rain problem is well

enough understood, and that the technology exists to solve it - what is needed is immediate legislative action.

On most days, we held a press conference with local groups and politicians. A special press release addressing the problems caused by acid rain in each particular area was issued for each conference. In rural districts, for example, we explained how acid rain harms aquatic life, agricultural soils and drinking water; in towns and cities, we pointed out that it damages buildings, monuments, cars, and human health. Everywhere we stressed that if coal must be burned by industries and power plants, it can and

In the US, we criticized the Reagan administration regularly, concentrating on the damage to Canadian-US relations caused by the acid rain issue. The Canadian caravanners described the extensive damage to Canadian lakes and crops as examples of the fate that is in store for the northeastern states if action is not taken. Another important target was the US Clean Air Act, which is now a year overdue for reauthorization (a standard evaluation and rewriting process for US legislation), and to which many amendments are being considered. The effect of the proposed amendments on the environment range from beneficial to disastrous; some would strengthen the act, and some would weaken it. We encouraged citizens to support the "acid rain amendments," which were still being debated in committees, under which public utilities in 31 states east of the Mississippi River would have twelve years to reduce their combined annual  $SO_2$  emissions by eight million tons.

As part of our campaign against the Reagan administration's policies, we frequently referred to a recent Harris Poll which revealed that 83 percent of Americans supported at least as strong, or even stronger, enforcement of clean air legislation.

The opponents of pollution control and clean air regulations often argue that it will cost too much. Our most persuasive rebuttal to that argument was to point out that we're all paying for acid rain now, in the form of damage to valuable natural resources and man-made materials. Once the issue is presented in this way, most people agreed that they would rather pay "up front" through pollution control than allow the costs to be borne by declining fishing and tourist industries, dying lakes, reduced forest productivity, damaged buildings and cars, and increased human health problems.

For us, the most rewarding of the caravan's activities were the evening presentations. Whether at a public forum, college class or environmental group meeting, these presentations were an opportunity to talk to a large group of people directly and to answer their questions. After long days of sending our message through reporters, talking to microphones and playing to cameras, we looked forward to real discussion with individuals. (The people who came to the evening presentations were usually more interested and concerned about acid rain than were the individuals who passed by our display table during the day.) Quite often we showed films at the campgrounds where we were staying; we hung a sheet on the side of the bus and watched the film under the stars. After some presentations we had an entire group of people writing letters to their government representative.

*Cont'd on p. three*

should be burned cleanly.

The news conferences often centred on the presentation of an "acid rain umbrella" (donated to the caravan by the Federation of Ontario Naturalists) to a local official as "as symbol of the protection your area needs from acid rain." Twenty-three umbrellas were given away to mayors, congressmen and other politicians.

Occasionally, a mayor declared the day of our arrival "Stop Acid Rain Day." In Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Hull, Montreal, Quebec City, and fifteen American cities, the mayors joined us, at least for the press conferences. Of course, they had nothing to lose since mayors do not have responsibility for pollution control, and it was good publicity for them to be associated with efforts to stop acid rain.

In Ottawa we were joined by the federal Environment Minister, John Roberts, and some of the members of the federal Subcommittee on Acid Rain (author of *Still Waters*). In the United States, several state and federal politicians joined us to protest publicly against acid rain.

The caravan members' speeches had several targets. In Canada, we emphasized the inadequacy of standards for car emissions: Canadian cars are allowed to emit three times as much nitrogen oxide (NO<sub>x</sub>) as American cars, and we urged citizens to contact Transport Canada on the issue. (NO<sub>x</sub> is the second largest component of acid rain.) Protests against SO<sub>2</sub>, however, were directed to provincial members of Parliament because pollution control is a provincial responsibility.



New York State Assemblyman Maurice Hinckley speaking at a Carevan press Conference in Albany last summer. Photo by Kai Millyard.

# "Yours to Recover": An Environmental Parable

by Mark Butler

If one ascended the C.N. Tower, it was possible to enter into the very midst of this ominous throng. At the heart of a noxious stifling, black cloud, a mass of a thousand evil substances. No longer unorganized wisps, carried along by the whim of the wind. From human orifices, from smokestacks, from electrical switches, chemical meannies of an insidious nature had congregated above Toronto, a convention of sorts. It was an international gathering, for the Americans attend such gatherings in great numbers, a visible minority, an invisible majority. Sulphuric and nitric oxides were being introduced to H<sub>2</sub>O and the most divinely wicked marriages were being consummated. For the synergistic effects of these chemicals was awe-inspiring. No parts per million, rather millions of parts.

But what did those human beings think of such howling and crackling, this witches' brew, present above their fair city? It hurt the eyes, irritated the nose, joggers who — having had the vain hope of escaping this inconvenience — were gasping, their lungs a comfortable niche for evil minded substances. A hat was no good, nor an umbrella, nor masks yet. Bottled air from the north was flown in for more important functions. The fight to "Keep it Beautiful" was thought lost, and license plates now read "Yours to Recover".



However, in times of trouble, citizens look to their Minister of Blue Sky and Fluffy White Clouds for solace, indeed even for initiative. The Minister rose to the occasion, the citizens applauded, even the orc-like activity above paused. He inhaled deeply, then he huffed and puffed, puffed and huffed and sent those chemical meannies scampering off into the Ontario hin-

terland. "The solution to pollution is dilution" was on everybody's lips.

Saved! Thank God for a breath of fresh air. Life could resume its hurried pace. Factories poured forth black smoke again, cars revved up and peopled belched.

There always seems to be a black cloud gathering above our heads. So when you take a breath of fresh air, think of all the chemical meannies in there.

On October 27th and 28th, Toronto's air pollution index rose dramatically, at one point reaching 54 p.p.m. of sulphur dioxide. By the request of the Ministry of Environment six point sources reduced their emissions by half. These point sources were Ontario Hydro, Victoria Soya Mills, a municipal incinerator, Building Materials Ltd., Toronto Refiners Ltd. and Ford Glass Co.. The seriousness of this pollution was a result of the lack of wind to disperse the pollutants. When the wind picked up two days later, so did the emissions.

What this incident makes one aware of is that such pollution, the level of emissions, continues to occur on a daily basis. Our approach is to depend on the wind to ensure that it is not an immediate and local problem. While the long term effects, which are just as significant, are treated in much less resolute manner. If it is out of sight, it is out of mind. Hence the inspiration for the preceding tale.

## 20 at Edwards Gardens

by Adam Sobolak

Sunday drives are so pleasant. Other days are dreary or excited. The holy day is the pause that refreshes. It is something in the air, a stimulating calmness that arouses the imagination and evaporates all animal, vegetable and mineral in to God's decoration. Personal transcendence can only be attained by aloneness. That is offered by the protecting environment of the automobile. And with the fluid Sunday traffic...you're free.

My typical Sunday routine is to go to David Mirvish Books for a cheap New York Times. Actually, it costs more, including the gas to get from the darkest Etobicoke to Mirvishville, but it's a lot more fun, and besides, it offers the opportunity to extend a mere trip for the newspaper into a random venture through the ozone. (I'm still in euphoria over getting my license last summer, and there is so much to see). A recent Sunday, though, was special. At a few minutes after three I would leave my teens behind forever. Must I vegetate in my sterile room at the hour? Naw. I'll celebrate myself by way of my (dad's) merry Oldsmobile.

Departed a little after noon. Had to hurry to Mirvish, 'cause the papers go fast. Got there a quarter to one. Dupont & Annette are better than Dundas and Bloor. Routine so far. The fun was yet to begin.

Placed paper in car, drove off from opposite school on Markham, destination unknown. Dugged side-street autumn leaves, traffic lights on the a-rebuilding College. College. College becomes Carlton. One thing I knew: I had to go East. East-of-Yonge always seemed exotic to me. Even the suburbs. Great place to celebrate. So hello, better half. Switched to Dundas, crossed Don ditch and curved along 50's Dundas extension. Around there it'll never be chic. Once Dundas ends, I twist and turn, along Gerrard, Danforth, etc. I'm now in the free, but have not

found my way. Something can be sensed, though. Meanwhile, the progressive FM station does its gentle blasting. Sundays, automobiles, and progressive FM go together.

Around Dawes Toronto becomes East York, and I begin to find my epiphany. After doubling back on the generous lanes in Crescent Town, a high-rise land of Corbusi-Oz, I jog along the borough's monotonous, indistinguishable yet oddly human residential streets. They're special because of middle-class, Anglo-Saxon decorum. Focussing around Coxwell is a casual collection of institutions that form the sweetest "civic centre" in Metro, the product not of grand design or unpretentious parks and structures surrounded by the same look-alike dwellings. One component is a circular-plan library, a marvellous 1960 period piece, where I park in the tiny lot beside and enter, whimsically looking for a magazine that isn't there. With recreational grounds behind, some sort of modern monument to the side, matchboxes all around and a greyish-bright sky above, the repose of clean middle-class living can be admired. Radio plays Vince Guaraldi's forever-hip piano from the Peanuts shows. The simple, not quite childish lines of Peanuts, against the simple, not quite banal lines of the neighbourhood. Sincerity. Charlie Brown's 1960's ought to be the subject of nostalgia. Good grief.

Less than an hour left, I had to decide where to go, couldn't be just anywhere. Made decision, headed in approximate direction of place that's within shooting distance, a place I've always felt wonderful in. A few diversions were taken, notably down the Beachwood road to the mouldering Domtar and chemical plants below the Leaside Viaduct and ambiguous brush beyond, but carefull Up Bayview Extension, no more Ghosts. With time to kill, I held a requiem for my teens at my favourite apartment complex in Metro, circa 1940, with dignified modernistic

brick walkups surrounding a remarkable formal courtyard, entered by wide steps, consisting of carefully manicured trees and hedges, straight paths and empty concrete flowerpots. Exhilarating, ordered yet mellow.

STILL time to kill. Through Leaside, around Wicksteed industrial lands, curious wartime survivors. Down Eglinton, up Leslie. Nearing three. Uh oh. Parking lot crowded. Sunday walkers and horticultural show at Edwards Gardens. Park on a side street, anywhere. I ended up parking well into Leacroft Crescent, well into the original Don Mills development, unnecessarily. It was worth it, though. For such a disastrous prototype and certain failings, Don Mills looks beautiful after a quarter century, so superior to the bulk of tractsville. Mature trees. Freestanding green light standards. A-roof houses. An uncommon neatness; the best of Broadacre City. Locked up, strolled down Banbury with its parked cars and occasional mostly aging Edwardsites, and only a few seconds left till three. If I got hit while jaywalking across Lawrence, that would be almost exactly 20 years of living. Entered Gardens, past barn (still flies inside?) and greenhouses, the lawns of a million weddings. Outside shelter, way is blocked by picture takers. Looked at my watch, it was five after three. That'll do. Happy Birthday, as Altered Images would say. I think about Altered Images, the chirpy Melanie-on-helium transcendence of I Could Be Happy in tandem with autobiographical vignettes. Cross the green and human-garnished Wilket Creek valley, the creek dried for repair or winter, whatever. Up tall-treed slope to my favourite part of Edwards Gardens, a flat, cozy green expanse, dotted with expired flower beds and thick clusters of evergreens, a row of tall pines slanting across at one point. Feel like romping, but I'd look like a fool. A water fountain by the nonchalant pine slash. It was dry. Oh sure. A metaphor for life.

The most memorable event of the trip was our stop in Brimfield, Massachusetts, where the local organizers combined our visit with their own protest against a recent proposal for a liquid industrial waste treatment and disposal facility. Most of the population of the tiny town came out to see our displays and listen to the press conference. Two members of a local Indian tribe performed an anti-acid rain ceremony, which consisted of chanting and bell-ringing. Then the caravan bus led a fifty-car procession to the site of the proposed plant, which is still a farmer's field. Awaiting us was an enormous, brightly-coloured hot-air balloon. There were also 1,000 smaller balloons, each of which had a postcard attached. The idea was that the hot-air balloon would rise to the height of the stacks of the proposed plant, and then the 1,000 helium-filled balloons would be released. The organizers hoped that people finding the cards and reading the warnings about pollutants from the plant would send them back to the organizers so that they could make a map of one possible path that emissions from the smokestacks might take.

It was exciting for us to see a group of ordinary Americans so aware of many environmental and political issues as a result of a heated "not-in-my-backyard" battle. The town was an oasis of active, concerned citizens, and they treated us like visiting dignitaries.

The regional variation in knowledge about acid rain was remarkable. In Rochester, New York, for instance, one woman who saw our bus thought we were a travelling rock group called "Acid Rain Caravan." When she found out what we really were, she decided not to buy a T-shirt after all. Some people thought acid rain was caused by nuclear power, and many did not realize that the Great Lakes are not likely to be acidified.

It's hard to know what effect our campaign had on individual politicians, since we did no direct lobbying. In one case, congressman Gary Lee of New York announced his support for the acid rain amendments for the first time about two weeks after we passed through his district. How much his decision had to do with the media attention we attracted and the letters from citizens is impossible to know. We are hoping that the literature we left with local organizers, the heightened public awareness and the letters we encouraged people to write will help to keep the pressure on the remaining hostile or uncommitted representatives through the fall and into the new year.

All and all, public response to the caravan and the issue was strong and favourable. Canadian were clearly the best informed, but the Americans we talked with were not far behind. If everyone who said they would write a letter indeed did, thousands will have been written.

As a media event, the trip was also a success. More than 60 radio and 30 television appearances and 50 stories in the press took our message to more than five million people. Reporters almost always supported us and were usually well informed.

The success of the caravan and the fact that voting on the Clean Air Act has been delayed until next summer have encouraged us to begin planning Caravan II. This time, however, it may make more sense to go into the US midwest. Even though a campaign in such sensitive territory where the public is less well informed will be a huge challenge, the region is politically very important, and the experience gained this year leads us to believe we can have an influence. As the effects of acid rain spread into those regions (especially Michigan), and as people realize that it's too expensive not to clean up, we hope to be there, mobilizing the 83 percent of American voters who want stronger pollution controls but who may not know how to get them.

## Write for the Herald

Stop by the Office Mon. - Wed. 2-4, or Fri. at that time, to discuss possible topics, or simply drop material off in the mailbox at the I.C.S.S. office, or the Herald office (rm. 305) above the Pub. (And by the way... please type your work if possible, on one side of the page only, and double-space.)

## Council Notes

by Roddy Macdonald

The November Meeting of Council was very short, lasting less than forty minutes. The Principal, Dennis Duffy, reported that both the President's Working Group and the Dean's Advisory Committee (discussed at last month's meeting) were still in the preliminary stages of their work. Although nothing concrete has yet come from either group, Dennis felt that they would eventually produce a more coherent view of the role of the colleges as a group, and of each college individually. The President's group is supposed to report by February, but it is unlikely that they will have completed all their deliberations that soon. The Dean's Committee has no set deadline for their report.

Tim Cholvat, President of the ICSS, reported on the establishment of a Planning Committee, which will look at the future role of the Student Society at Innis College. In addition, Tim noted that the ICSS Constitution Committee will be reconvened to look at the Constitution and its by-laws to consider the need for amendments which have become apparent since the Constitution was adopted in 1979. Lastly, it was announced that the ICSS will be holding a Winter Carnival in February or March.

The following are highlights from the reports of the Council Committees:

### ADMISSIONS & AWARDS:

\*Sylvia Ritz-Munroe is elected as chairperson.  
\*It is established that the bursary sub-committee will meet to consider bursary applications every second Monday.  
\*Chris Wilson is selected as recipient of the Innis Alumni Scholarship.

### COUNSELLING:

*The Committee has not yet convened.*

### HOUSE:

\*Audrey Perry is elected as chairperson.  
\*The Committee states its intention to get estimates on cost of four new picnic tables for The Green.  
\*The Committee announces that it is looking at different possible uses for \$600 earned at Fall Fair.

\*Laurie Lee Paul and Sandy Finklestein are appointed as Weekend Supervisors. (*The Weekend Supervisor programme provides two Innis College Students with some part-time work and ensures that the College building is left secure after groups have used our facilities on the weekends. Supervisors are responsible for making sure that the building is cleaned up and locked, and keep a record of any damage caused by the renters.*)

\*Gord Edwards is appointed as Media Supervisor and is responsible for ensuring that the College's audio visual equipment is properly used and maintained.

\*The Committee states that it is looking at repairs and improvements needs and will be discussing them with the Physical Plant Area Supervisor at next meeting.

### READING ROOM:

\*Steve Kis is elected as chairperson.  
\*looking for additional members from wide range of academic pursuits.

### RESIDENCE:

*The Committee has not yet convened.*

### ACADEMIC AFFAIRS:

\*Roger Riendeau and Chris Wilson are elected as co-chairpersons (*this committee is required to have one student and one non-student as co-chairpersons.*)

\*The Committee recommends that Council approve the list of cross-appointments to the teaching staff as proposed by Principal Duffy. Council does so immediately after receiving the Committee reports.

\*Council deals with several minor changes to the calendar listing.

\*Three new INI courses are given approval:

INI324Y — FILM: CONVENTIONS AND ANTI-CONVENTIONS. A reinstatement of a course prev-

iously offered; to be included in Category II of the Cinema Studies Programme. Instructor: Joe Medjuck.

INI4-H — MELODRAMA & MOVING PICTURES: D.W. GRIFITHS. A new course to be cross listed with the School for Graduate Studies; to be included in Category IV of the Cinema Studies Programme. Instructor: Prof. Barrie Hayne. *This course was opposed on the understanding that it will have not financial implications for Innis College.*

INI3-Y — FILM THEORY: FROM MUNSTERBERG TO MITZ. A new course developed by Bart Testa at the request of the Cinema Studies Programme Committee; to be included in Category II of the Programme.

\*The Committee approves the establishment of a minor Programme in Writing and Rhetoric to be based at Innis College; three courses from ENG100Y, TRN100Y/PHL247H, INI203Y, INI204Y, NEW205H, NEW206H, ENG289Y. This is subject to approval by other participating Departments and Colleges.

It is hoped that this programme will be accepted as fulfilling the "Non-Specialist elective" requirements in all four areas (Languages, Humanities, Sciences and Social Sciences).

\*The Committee approves the formation of a Minor Programme in Cinema Studies. It will consist of an introductory course plus two other cinema courses with no more than one from Category IV (See Calendar).

The Council then voted to approve the cross appointed teaching staff for this academic year as follows:

### INNIS COLLEGE

### CROSS APPOINTMENTS, 1982-83

Botany:	Pamela Stokes*
Chemistry:	John Valleau
Economics:	Ian Parker*
English:	Peter Allen
	Patricia Binnie
	Barrie Hayne
	Gino Matteo
	Marion Walker*

Fine Art:	
French/	
Victoria College:	Cam Tolton
Institute for	
Environmental	
Studies:	Ian Burton
Mathematics:	Anne Whyte

Political Science:	J. Mike Lorimer
	Peter Russell
	Richard Stren
Psychology:	Marty Wall*
Sociology:	Robert Brym

Spanish &	Irving Zeitlin*
Portuguese:	
Zoology:	Wendy Rolph
	John Machin*

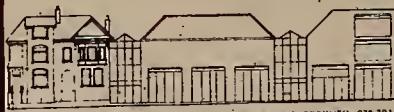
\*indicates new appointment

The next item of business was a motion to receive the report of the Planning Coordination Committee. The sixty-nine page report deals with the future planning (five years) of all aspects of the College's operations. The standing Committee will be considering the report and offering many amendments they feel are necessary before the next meeting of Council. The report will then be presented to Council for adoption as College policy.

The Innis College Council will meet in room 312 at 4:00 on each of the following Tuesdays: December 14, January 11, February 22, March 8, April 12 and May 10. A June meeting will be scheduled if necessary.



INNIS COLLEGE  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



Truth is for and flat, and fancy is fiery; and truth is cold, and people feel the cold, and they may wrap themselves against it in fancies that are fiery, but they should not call them facts...

Stevie Smith

# "Home for the Holidays"

In the brief interregnum between exams and the second term, there exists a period of time known as the "holidays". During this time we are supposed to spend lavish amounts of money, have a wonderful time and reconcile ourselves with those members of our families we swore we'd never speak to again.

"Have you done your Christmas shopping yet?" people ask cheerfully as they browse through big-name catalogs. These catalogs are enough to make me cry for the disillusioned child in us all; they might as well read "Buy love!" at the top of each page. Little kids play enchanted with the latest E.T. toys and look to their parents (the camera) with renewed love and respect; mistresses and wives look alluring and appreciative in their new teddies and negligees; video games bring families closer together in the name of friendly competition. This is reality? Hold on.

The holidays, for many of us, means going "home". Many students at U of T either live with their parents or are close enough to make it once a week - or month - for dinner. If you're like me, you're expected to go "home for the holidays", proverbial suitcase full of dirty laundry in hand. For you, the holidays are a whole other kettle of fish. You are expected to "fit right in" to the old scheme of things. You are usually given your Old Room, now piled high with books and knick-knacks that won't fit anywhere else (often stuff you thought you threw out three years ago); clothes you've never seen before are hanging in the closet. You want to help in the kitchen but you can't remember where anything is. You pad around the house chewing on bits of candy cane. Worst of all, you're supposed to tell "how you're doing in school" to parents' friends (version 1), parents (version 2), and your old friends (the truth). Artsies like myself will probably have to justify their very program ("I'm majoring in English and minoring in Marxist Philosophy because it sounded really practical at the time").! Too much. And then you come back to Toronto to find that you have two tests and an oral presentation all due the first week.

As far as I'm concerned, classes are more relaxing.



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## Letters

This campus sees over a dozen University-based newspapers published on regular basis. Virtually every college has its own 'local' paper. As an Innis student (and one who writes for this paper) I may have a biased view of the other college papers, but I do read them all, and I consider the *Innis Herald* to be one of the most readable. Most readers agree that university news and sports are, generally, outside the purview of College papers. Strictly college news, on the other hand, is of prime importance; it's the meat and potatoes of college journalism. It is here, I fear, that the *Herold* fails in its responsibility to its readers.

Innis is, I believe, the only college not to have its student budget presented and explained in its college paper. We almost never read about the important decisions made in the ICSS Student Services Committees. There is no regular forum for publicizing the political policies and issues debated at the Student Government Committee. In short, there is little serious attempt to overcome the image of the ICSS executive as a closed-shop.

If ICSS meetings are poorly attended — which they are and almost always have been — it need

not be a signal to the ICSS executive that their constituents are not interested in ICSS affairs. Rather, it should be an incentive for them to pursue other avenues to publicize their actions — actions for, and financed by, those constituents. The *Herold* is the obvious vehicle for such a publicity campaign. The executive need only look at a selection of the other college papers to see various alternative methods of advertising Student society decisions and events.

The *Newsletter*, which does contain some worthwhile information, is not a substitute for the *Herold*. Space restrictions mean that the *Newsletter* suffers from severe limitations and is consequently stuck with a rather dull and dry format which offers few of the advantages of the *Herold*. This is not to say that the *Newsletter* fulfills no function — the *Herold* could not reach our alumni in the same way — but it is not sufficient to satisfy the needs of the Innis community.

The *Herold* is under-utilized and for no apparent reason. The blame for this cannot be levelled at the paper's staff; over the past several years the *Herold* has made unstinting efforts to get more members of the Innis community to contribute. Nor can the blame be put entirely on

the shoulders of the ICSS executive — past or present — although they must bear the brunt of the criticism. Some blame, as with may failures at university, must go to the general student apathy and to the lack of effort (or concern?) on the part of Innis students in general. Indeed all members of what we like to think of as our community must feel potentially at fault. As a community we need a good college paper, surely as a community we can produce one?

There was a time when the *Herold* suffered from poor management and poor supervision from its publisher (the ICSS). It was an unstable publication and could not be relied upon as a means of planned advertising. Those days have passed. The *Herold* is well-run, organized and dependable. It is the best vehicle for the dissemination of information relevant to the Innis community and it is up to all of us to see that is it used to our best advantage.

I hope this will stimulate some discussion among the ICSS executive as to how best to make use of the *Herold*, and encourage others in our community to play a part.

Roddy Macdonald

# Review

## Recorded Live in Toronto

By Katie Russell

A truly home-grown movie is one that is not only a product of home-grown talent, but is about its home, its culture, its hangouts and hang-ups. Out of what is unique and perhaps personal, it draws the universal, and puts the place on a larger map. Recorded: Live, which premiered at the Bloor Cinema Nov. 4, has all the potential of a great home grown flick. Directors/producers Korican, Rowsome and Travassos shot on location on Queen St. West, using many familiar

faces, bands and bars as their setting, and took for their subject the growing bootleg video trade.

The videos in question are of Toronto bar bands: Hamburger Patti & the Helpers, Mama Quilla II, False Colours and Rhythm Method, filmed in the cramped corners of downtown clubs like the Black Bull and Cabana Room. Robbin, a trendy artist trying to pay the rent, sells these bootleg videos to a variety of characters, who want them for a variety of purposes. Among these questionable, but often hilarious

figures are a clergyman who buys one for his "video devotionals", a groupie who -- lacking a "machine" -- winds the tape of her hero around her body, and a student who buys one to study as sociological phenomena.

The narrative is constantly interrupted with the actual tapes of the bands. The music is pleasant enough, but the relation of the band footage to Robbin's activities is never made very clear, and the film might be more accurately described as a series of films of bands presumably linked by a narrative ploy. One can only assume that they are the bands that she is pushing, because there are occasional shots of video cameras cut into the performances. Yet due to the strict, unmotivated alternation of music and narrative, the film's progress is static and predictable.

The main problem with Recorded: Live, though, is the sound, which is so rough that most of the dialogue is totally lost, and the music is flattened out and drained of energy. It could be that the Bloor is just too big a theatre for this low-budget production. Surely the producers could have foreseen the acoustic problems that severely hampered the premier screening, however. Furthermore, many of the scenes were shot in hollow places like laundromats, warehouse elevators and cafeterias. These are interesting visual locations, but present acoustic difficulties that the production fails to overcome.

The poor sound quality is of course partly responsible for the ambiguity of the dialogue and the story. One gets the impression that the film is commenting in some way on video-culture and its relation to live music, performance, and film, but one can only guess at its actual message.

The highlights of the film are two rather extraneous but excellent performances. Janet Sears, a Toronto actress, sings a soulful blues tune in a restaurant, while Robbin enjoys a romantic rendezvous. While the camera apparently enjoys the singer accidentally, it closes in on her for an entire number. Both this, and a stimulating dance number by Susan Cash and Paula Callivan, display far more energy and emotion that the up-tempo Wave bands which were not helped in the least by the uninteresting camera work.

The shots of False Colours, a band formed especially for the film, are in the form of a video-in-progress. They are highly theatrical, incorporating film projected on the performers, and may have something to do with Robin's story, and then again, might not. These "artistic" inclusions, plus Robbin's (incoherent) conversation with Gertrude Stein in a donut shop, lead one to believe that the film is even saying something profound about "art". This is a topic that just asks to be addressed when dealing with the crowd in question, and the film comes close to confronting its own questionable status as arty-but-trendy.

Unfortunately, the ambition of the project was larger than its budget, a problem that inevitably results in technical impediments and deficiencies. This ultimately prevents Recorded: Live from reaching the potential that its circumstances promise. The Queen Street scene is much livelier than this film makes it out to be, through its unexciting pace, arbitrary structure and mysterious story-line. It isn't "slickness" that is called for though; the raw sound is appropriate, if only it were intelligible.

To give the creators the benefit of the doubt, we could say that the overall incoherence is due to the poor sound quality, but that may be giving them more credit than they deserve. Although the Queen St. scene physically transported itself up to the Bloor to cheer on its friends on the screen, the producers may find it difficult to sell the film outside its home base. It may, however, be able to capitalize on its amateur tone and simply become Toronto's own "home movie", and there's nothing wrong with that.



## Oregon: Music of Another Present Era

by Ajay Heble

This is the stuff. Making their first Toronto appearance (and I think you can attribute that to your trusty scribe who met Collin Walcott on tour with CODONA- Collin, Don Cherry, Nana Vasconcelos-i Hamburg and said like hey man, when are you coming to Toronto? And he said scat and all that and so here they are), Oregon put on a hot show at Convocation Hall Nov. 5.

Dig this! Ralph Towner: classical and twelve-string guitars, piano, synthesizer, trumpet, horn; Collin Walcott: sitar, tabla, percussion, clarinet; Paul McCandless: oboe, bass clarinet, English horn; Glen Moore: bass, violin, piano. Though a large portion of the audience seemed, on the whole, unresponsive, the unique blend of ethereal synthesis between Eastern and Western musical styles moved this reviewer into a state of prolonged musical bliss.

Each member of Oregon brought to the group a unique style. The synthesis manifests itself not merely as a blend between musical cultures, but also as a mix between free-form improvisation and the fresh, eloquent melodic fluency that one finds throughout their compositions. Most of the music was new, yet it was all flavoured with the unique Oregon sound: a sound that encircles the perceiving mind, a sound that begs the listener to pay attention, to become involved.

The only surprise was the addition of Towner's prophetic synthesizer. Though, it initially seemed odd to see (and hear) electronic instruments in Oregon's repertoire, Towner's approach to the machine was fresh and inspired, creating a textural conceit that lifted the music into yet another realm. Paul McCandless' oboe playing was superb. At points it brought to the totality a transcendent sound that just carried me off into a



distant world of absolute serenity and peaceful co-existence among equally striving individual forms.

At other points, McCandless was innovative in a different way, creating jungle sounds in a frenzy (while Towner was trying to fix his malfunctioning synthesizer) that lent a quality of inspiration to an already inspired improvisation. Both Walcott and Moore were hot, displaying many talents as both composers and performers. Towner was total dig. His textural guitar and piano playing flavoured the conceit which McCandless provided.

So much music. So much invention. So many instruments. This is the stuff.

# What's Happened to Mama Quilla II?

by Danielle Savaga

Ever seen Mama Quilla II live? They used to be my favorite local band. They played these tight, hard-driving rock-n-roll tunes with Latin, funk and reggae influences that sent one racing to the dance floor, or -- as in their live version of the song "Mama Quilla II" -- force one to stop and listen to the hypnotic percussion. This great sound, coupled with intelligent anti-sexist and anti-racist lyrics, is an irresistible combination. Lorraine Segato has a strong stage presence as lead vocalist, and delivers her message with conviction and a sense of humor. "Yeah, watch out for me," she says, grinning, after having just belted out Peter Tosh's "Dangerous." She has obviously thought about every song she sings very carefully, and puts everything she's got into each.

For now, though, she and the other band members -- Linda Robitaille, Susan Sturman, Jacqui Snedker, Lauri Conger, and Billy Bryans -- have split up. All we have to remember the group by is the footage in the film *Recorded: Live* (see review p.5), and their recently-released E.P.

I feel that the E.P. is worth the price -- \$4.98 or thereabouts -- for the cover alone. Unfortunately, most people don't have money to spend on luxuries such as record covers, and the record, although certainly not a bad one, does not do Mama Quilla II justice. Nevertheless, Eddy Vallquette of CFNY-FM tells me that the station has been playing it for a couple of months now and that its popularity is "picking up." The single "K.K.K." is getting the most airplay, but the two other songs, "Mama Quilla II" and "Angry Young Woman" are doing well also.

This is not the first time that CFNY has had a hand in extending the group's audience. Last year Mama Quilla II won the station's First Great Ontario Talent Search, which introduced their sound to many people who wouldn't otherwise have been exposed to it.

I spoke to the band manager, Nancy Poole, about their history and the possibility of future gigs.

Mama Quilla II came into being almost five years ago for a New Year's Dance for Women. At that time they were an all-woman band (which they were for quite a while, until Billy Bryans became their drummer), and they were working solely within the "feminist community." In the past three years or so they have made attempts to reach wider audiences -- both by doing benefit dances such as for groups in solidarity with Nicaragua in addition to feminist causes, and by playing some of the local pubs such as the Hotel Isabella and the El Mocambo.

Did they encounter any problems specific to being an all-women's band?

"Our biggest problem was our own self-confidence," says Poole. No one had experience with the kind of equipment necessary for a rock band, and "we found it intimidating." As women, they didn't have the same kind of access to information, such as where to buy used equipment, that most men musicians did.

Certain clubs did not want to deal with an all-woman band but, as Poole explains cheerfully, they wouldn't want to play at a place like that anyway.

Twice recently, opportunities to expand their audience have been thwarted. At the beginning of the summer they were scheduled to play the Danceteria in New York City, but the very



"You find that resealable plastic kitchenware is useful in a wide range of feminist terrorist activities!"

weekend in question the club changed hands, and since the whole episode had appeared rather sneaky the members of Mama Quilla II decided that they didn't want to support the new ownership, and so cancelled the show. "It was a sort of martyrish thing to do," laughs Nancy.

Then, later during the summer, they were scheduled to open for Steel Pulse, the reggae band, but the show was cancelled when the latter came down with malaria.

Although Mama Quilla II has been apart since August, it was announced that they would be playing in Ottawa the weekend of the Refuse the Cruise rally (Oct. 29-31). But not even this cause, which they all feel strongly about, could bring the band together, and they did not appear.

The question remains whether Toronto will ever see a live performance by the band again. Linda Robitaille, in a letter to *Now Magazine* (Nov. 18), states that "sadly we will not be playing as a group..." Whether this is her final word on the subject remains to be seen. Each band member is working on other projects, "taking a break", as Poole puts it; perhaps contemplating what he or she wants for the band. That can only mean that if Mama Quilla II does ever get back together, the members will be more determined and surer of their collective goals than ever.

And that is a very exciting thought.



## Roland Kirk:

### Volunteered Slavery

by John Hamilton

comment was "I ain't bitter, baby, I'm just bitter sweet." This was in the middle of a little speech made for the benefit of a Toronto Musician's Union rep who was there hassling him about unpaid work dues.

He was amazing the first time I saw him. He'd perfected a technique of circular breathing and could literally play a sustained note for as long as he wanted. He used it to show off but he also used it to play. He'd amaze you with a beautiful rendition of a John Coltrane tune and then pick up a clarinet and play Dixieland. He was a master of the saxophone; also the flute, manzello, strich, harmonica, clarinet and whatever else happened to be handy.

If the names of these instruments seem a little unfamiliar it's because Kirk invented a couple.

To get around to the album: Side One features Kirk in the studio accompanied by a gospel choir on two cuts, and Side Two documents his performance at the 1968 Newport Jazz Festival. Side One is more thought out, more disciplined, I guess just more studio. Versions of Stevie Wonder's "Ma Cherie Amour" and Burt Bacharach's "I Say a Little Prayer" are reworked by Roland

and can only be described as something else again. Don't expect cocktail jazz versions either (i.e. Chuck Mangione or is it Macaroni). These tunes burn! The choir is added on two Kirk originals: "Spirits Up Above" and "Search for the Reason Why" and the blend of gospel, jazz and blues is perfect.

Side Two is more improvisational. "One Ton" features two horns played in harmony (sax harmony usually recalls 30's Hollywood musicals which featured it a lot) along with "flute, nose flute and maybe even you" according to Roland. Kirk also includes a tribute to John Coltrane and introduces it with the message "these are a few songs that he left for us to LEARN."

Volunteered Slavery is a great album. I've been listening to it for more than ten years and I'll probably continue to for ten more. Every time I play it I hear something that I haven't heard before. And I don't even own a very good record player. Any Kirk album is guaranteed to be good but I've always felt this was a classic. Roland was a man who left too soon and I miss him. Check it out.

Why review an album that's over ten years old? Well, maybe it has something to do with classics. And maybe it has something to do with the shallowness and impermanence of fashion. And maybe I'm just a fanatic when it comes to Roland Kirk, or rather Rahasaan Roland Kirk, which is the name he adopted shortly before his death on December 6, 1977. And in some way, I guess this is my attempt at a memorial to one of, if not the greatest, tenor men to have ever walked the face of this planet.

Critics tended to dismiss Kirk because he did funny things. Funny things like playing three saxophones at the same time in harmony or singing and humming along while playing the flute, a little trick that made Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull a few dollars after he'd picked up on it.

Kirk was a bit disillusioned about things by the end of his life. I saw him live twice, both times at the Colonial Tavern before it went T & A. His

# Fiction

# Turkey if You Like

by Henry Walter

"O now look what you've done. There's a piece of spongecake in my coffee."

Harold masturbates. Howard doesn't. Harold rides the subway alone, getting off only where the hordes get off. Howard tries to send spongecake to Harold, registered mail.

The licensed horticulturalist was walking down the street, smoking a cigarette. Her hair is short; she smokes a cigarette; she's a licensed horticulturalist.

And the plants go 'moo, moo' as she walks by, tilting their greeny greens at her. 'Moo, moo.'

Harold and Howard share a grandmother. Harold gets her Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Howard gets her Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays. Howard gets her for the weekends because that's when Harold goes to Nantucket.

One day, the grandmother found out about the licensed horticulturalist. This is what she found out: Her hair is short. She smokes a cigarette. She's a licensed horticulturalist.

And the plants go 'baa, baa' as she passes by. 'Baa, Baa.'

Harold and Howard sleep together.

The licensed horticulturalist sleeps alone.

They used to sleep together.

But now, now they don't.

So they all look at ceilings. Harold and Howard share a ceiling, of course. It's cracked, but it's still a ceiling. The licensed horticulturalist has a ceiling of her own. It's not cracked but it's very yellow.

Harold and Howard share a typewriter. Harold gets very nervous when the typewriter skips a period, but Howard calms him down.

No one calms the licensed horticulturalist down.

No one calms the grandmother down, but she's used to it.

And the plants go 'meow, meow' as she passes by. 'Meow, meow.'

But you see, before Harold, Howard and the licensed horticulturalist stopped sharing a ceiling, the grandmother sent the licensed horticulturalist a spongecake in the mail, registered.

The licensed horticulturalist fed it to the rabbit. The rabbit didn't die, but it bled a lot.

One night Harold had a terrible nightmare. He dreamt that he was standing on a beach, waving goodbye to his mother, who was sailing away on a boat filled with burning cats. He was so, so scared! He cried, screamed for his mother to come back, trembling violently with fear. His

mother picked up one of the cats and waved it over her head, and said:

"Don't worry son, Daddy's coming home soon. Mommy's going away, but Daddy's coming home soon. We'll have dinner. I'll make turkey if you like. I know it's your favorite."

Harold tried to scream out "O yes it's my very favorites" but he was crying too much that the words smashed into each other in his wet throat and he couldn't get anything out but a bunch of squeals, combinations of his terror and frustration.

And she waved the cat over her head, saying, "Don't worry, Daddy's coming home soon. Daddy's coming home very soon. Don't worry."

But both Harold and Howard knew that Daddy's not coming home soon.

The licensed horticulturalist knows Daddy's not coming home, too.

And so does the grandmother.

Mommy is going away forever, and Daddy's never coming home.

Coddam this fear. Coddam this frustration. Mommy's going away forever, and Daddy's not coming home. Spongecake comes in the mail, no one eats it for good reason.

And the plants go 'ha, ha'. 'Ha, ha.'

## Poetry by Michael Swan

Planning nostalgia, he models time,  
tries it on, stretches and struts.  
Out of the daylight, and out of line,  
he considers the consequences of crime.

He's not winning, not losing, he's not even trying,  
He doesn't think about it, ever.  
He's seen books, read movies, and knows about  
lying.  
The future's inevitable, so it's time that he's  
buying.

In all of his strategies there's no present tense,  
and all of his dreams are blank pages.  
Around every moment he builds a fence,  
and his life is notable for his absence.

## circle nothing

Despite the inadequacy of despair,  
it fits in with other absences in her life.  
Crushed, first into a powder and then into air,  
she imagines that the heart isn't there.

She does not stride into the next moment,  
She has traded her moments for space.  
She carries the day out of her apartment,  
down flights of stairs, and out onto the cement.

Her invisible load pretends to be weightless,  
as she falls on her feet downhill to the park.  
She admits to herself she has nothing to confess,  
and she stares past trees to dream of only winter  
whiteness.

Despite this, blue delicate is the sky,  
the trees, in the fall, are colours of children.  
This steam driven Hudson knows why,  
and is reintegrating its circuitry.

# The Case of the Missing Butter

by Jay Sankey

I woke up in a sweat because I had slept under a quilt and a blanket. I leapt out of bed and took a bath. After that I walked downstairs expecting to have some eggs (cooked in my style) and milk. I looked for some, but my mother said we had "run out" of eggs! She asked if I would run out and buy, not just eggs, but also... the butter! Being still young at heart and mind I foolishly consented to the task which no other would accept.

The clouds covered the sky like a child's foot over an ant as I closed our front gate. Slowly I walked towards the store, but it was not in my destiny to arrive there immediately. I was side-tracked by an elderly gentleman. I watched him for a moment, swiftly kicking three banana peels off the sidewalk and into the valley of garbage that lay between the side of the sidewalk and the beginning of the road.

But about the butter! When I entered the store I picked up a dozen eggs and...the butter. Before I go on I feel it is important for me to give you a brief character analysis of the butter, with a disclaimer. I will refer to the butter as "it". Its

packaging was silvery with red and green designs. It was a Co-op Creamery butter, considered to be a metric size of 250g, or 8.82oz. To this day I don't know what nationality it was because, as if to disguise itself, on the bottom of the package it read "Blended butter from more than one country". Its price was sixty cents. Yes, it was expensive.

I first realized that it was no ordinary butter when I noticed it lying, not on the butter shelf with the other butters, but two shelves below, on top of the home-produced Cheddar cheese (70cents) and the English Mild (73cents). For a moment I visualized the butter throwing itself off the butter shelf to fall to its death, only to land, unscathed, on the cheese shelf. This vision I took as a sign to make an appointment with my brother the psychiatrist. I popped the butter and the eggs into a paper bag without any difficulty and headed home.

I considered myself lucky that I didn't meet the elderly gentleman on my way home (because who knows? He might have kicked me off the sidewalk) and as I closed the front door and entered the kitchen, I noticed two things. One was

that because I had "popped" the eggs into the paper bag at the store, I now had ten sufficiently broken eggs; cause of death: popped off! The second thing I noticed was that I forgot to pay for the eggs and butter. Well, it serves the store manager right! Imagine trying to sell broken eggs and Kamikaze butter!



## The University Lunch and Learn Club: Innovations in Industrial Relations in Canada

The University Lunch and Learn Club meets every Friday at noon in Innis Town Hall. Under a special arrangement between the School of Continuing Studies and Innis College, members of the Innis Community may attend these lectures free of charge upon presentation of a pass available from Sien Evans or Art Wood. Below is the schedule for Series 2, chaired by Prof. Noah Meltz, Director, Centre for Industrial Relations.

**3 Dec.** The Current Setting for Industrial Relations in Canada. Desmond Morton, Prof. of Labour and Military History, U of T.

**10 Dec.** Worksharing to Ease Unemployment. Frank Reid, Assoc. Prof. of Economics, U of T.

**17 Dec.** Jobshoring. Noah Meltz, Prof. of Ec-

onomics, U of T, and Nancy Heighton, Area Librarian, Toronto Public Library.

**7 Jan.** Working Women and the Equal Pay Issue. Lorne Mersden, Prof. of Sociology, U of T.

**14 Jan.** Productivity Bargaining: Pros and Cons. Peter Doyle, Director, Industrial Relations, the Canadian Manufacturers' Ass'n, and Ray Heinsworth, Education Director, Ontario Federation of Labour.

**21 Jan.** Quality of Working Life (QWL) Programmes. Norm Helpern, Consultant, Organization Effectiveness, Shell Canada, and Stu Sullivan, Nat'l Representative, Energy, Chemical and Atomic Workers' Union.

**28 Jan.** Alternative Approaches for Constructive Collective Bargaining. John Kevin, Assoc. Prof. of Industrial Sociology, U of T.

Cont'd from p. two

Merry Christmas  
from the  
Innis Herald

Out back gate Bridal Path, home of huge homes. So much space. Weird home; one looks unintentionally post-modern. Follow right-of-way between Gardens fence and road, line of willows in centre, looking into Gardens. See fallen willow branch and pick it up, dangling it like an uplifted cane, the immature branches drooping under their weight. Keep holding the curious branch while crossing Lawrence, both sides now residential. There's the Parkin house. Horizontal, prism opened and closed rectangles from the 1950's. Mies would be proud. Retrace steps, still with branch, dropping it before re-entering Gardens. Head down path by pine slash down cut to Wilket Creek. Two boys walking dogs, which sniff me and follow me around when not sniffing and following each other around before sticking to high land. Stick to my side of the creek, up slope to brown-painted log graffiti-on-graffiti gazebo. Pause, ponder, ladies walk by, I realize how depressing the gazebo is, leave for water wheel. With creek dried, it doesn't work, the dusty water scoopers are still, pop cans below. Kids tell dad it WAS working — I think. Had my fill, why leave now. Up hill across blacktop past rocky garden centre, kitty-corner across Lawrence and Leslie to Mac's Milk by Cadet and Esso. Bag of chips and tangy candy. Bye-bye teeth. Birthdays do not need complete dignity. Look through Harvard Lampoon News parody on racks, say why not and purchase. I like that Mac's. Consummately, un-brutally suburban. Todd Rundgren. (Todd Rundgren?)

Chips, candy, parody in hand and mouth, return to car. Cross corner park, artificial hills. Another dry water fountain. Sauter along Bantby, watching the living rooms roll by. Soon I'm back in the car. Close to 4: I switch to Buffalo and Casey Kasem, the only person left who plays the real top 40. Young fellow with ladder against garage to left. I drive off. The rest of the day is only an afterglow, back to Heeb-breaker at Don Mills and York Mills, I.G.Y. At Don Mills and Havenbrook. Linda Belts Get Closer while red light is nearly run at Bayview and Cummer. Athena down, Mickey up Westgate. Pressure on Allen/Dufferin extension. Get home at last at 6:00. Family has been at restaurant for an hour. What a risk to experience a life transition. Worth it, si?

## Sexual Education Centre, U. of T.

The U. of T Sex Education and Information Centre would like you to know about the services we have to offer. We are available for peer counselling, information and referral services. We can help you find answers to your questions on all aspects of sexuality. We're free, confidential and nonjudgmental. Phone us or visit during our regular office hours:

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## Herald Classifieds

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(that room right next door to the St. George St. entrance) or in the envelope outside the Herald office (rm. 305 of the old building). There, now, that's not so hard, is it?

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The University of Toronto has installed a "Visual Ear" in the office of Mrs. Eileen Barbeau, the Co-ordinator of Services to Disabled Persons at 140 St. George St., Rm. 623. This enables hearing-impaired persons who cannot use the telephone to make calls using regular telephone lines. The message travels across the lines to an electronic readout display. Any member of the University community needing to use the "Visual Ear" may do so. Eileen Barbeau can be reached at 978-3011 (voice) and 978-3337 ("Visual Ear").

